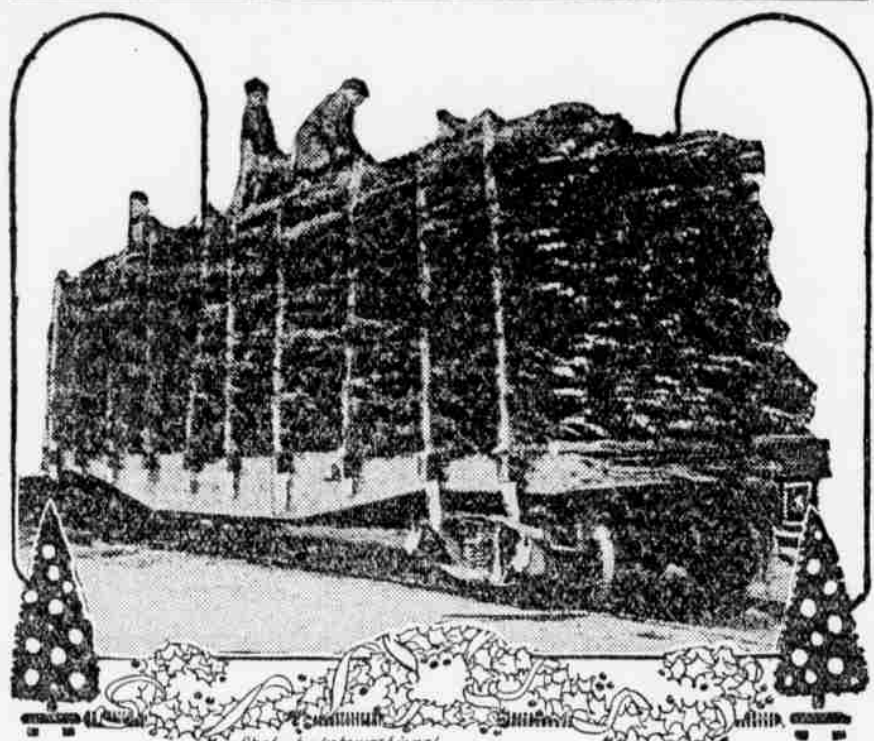


CHRISTMAS TREES & READY for SHIPMENT



Supplying the country with its Christmas trees is no small job these days. A million or more trees are sacrificed every year and they come mostly from the woods of northern Vermont, and are of two species of pine, the Norway spruce and the balsam fir. People of the Middle West and southern states demand the Norway spruce, while eastern people want the balsam. Here are the trees ready for freight shipment, 2,500 of them to the car, tied up in bundles of three to five trees, according to size.

WILL the Christmas tree become a thing of the past? There are tendencies which would seem to indicate that a substitute may usurp the throne this green harbinger of merriment and good will held in the hearts of the people for many decades. One of these influences is the danger of a conflagration in the home where Christmas trees are lighted with candles, although this danger is being partially overcome by the use of electricity for illuminating purposes. Another restrictive tendency is the cost of Christmas trees and the growing difficulty of obtaining them.

Moreover, a conviction is growing in the public mind that it is poor economy to cut Christmas trees from the tops of mature trees or take down a tree that has been growing for 15 to 30 years for a one day's celebration. The availability of artificial substitutes and the natural trend toward a change in the customs of the people

also bear on the possibility of the disuse of the natural tree.

The Yule log succumbed to the greater attractiveness of the Christmas tree. And the Yule log had its predecessors in the various celebrations that occurred at the close of the old and the beginning of the new year during the first centuries of the Christian era.

The Christmas tree is believed to be a German institution, but the Romans celebrated the birth of Christ about the middle of the Fourth century by the display of tree decorations, and in some sections of Europe the festival was observed by the employment of pyramids decorated with green twigs and ornaments. Christmas trees should not be cut except from dense growths where thinning of young trees can be made with benefit to the forest. The New York State College of Forestry in the interest of conservation of the forests urges the adoption of artificial substitutes for trees in the observances of the Yuletide festival.

The Squirrels' Christmas

by Martha B. Thomas



"MY DEAR," said Mrs. Squirrel to her husband on Christmas morning, "do you realize that we have absolutely nothing in the cupboard?"

Mr. Squirrel stroked his whiskers and gave a thoughtful frown to his tail.

"You remember that yesterday morning we gave those shiftless Chatter-Reds the very last nut we had," went on Mrs. Squirrel, putting her paws in her apron pockets (a very bad sign, I assure you; it meant that something was going to be done, and done quickly).

Mr. Squirrel went on stroking his whiskers. This seemed the only reply he could muster. He knew the facts of the case as well as his wife. Hadn't he invited the Chatter-Reds in? Hadn't he felt sorry for them because they looked so cold and hungry? Didn't he know that all fall, when the nuts were thickest, the Chatter-Reds had frolicked instead of getting in their winter supply? Didn't he caution them a hundred times, and hadn't they been rather saucy about it? They had! and yet, the day before Christmas they looked so forlorn he couldn't bear it. How they had lived as long as they had was something he did not like to think about. So in they trooped, five of them! They said very little and their noses quivered expectantly. The youngest of them, Charlie Chatter-Red, began to whimper. They could not stop him. And at last he said it right out loud. He said, and the tears rolled down his little cheeks like marbles spilled out of a boy's pocket, "I'm so hungry! I haven't had a thing to eat for two days!" And then he buried his head in his mother's lap and howled. It was all very sad. Mr. Squirrel had a consultation with his wife. They went in a corner to talk it over. When you yourself have just one nut left the day before Christmas, it takes a long time to decide to give it away. And one of the reasons that they had just one nut left was the fact that for some weeks past they had been helping these same shiftless Chatter-Reds! But Mrs. Squirrel was kind in spite of her sharp tongue, and she said that she supposed it was their Christian duty to help out unto seventy times seven! So the last nut, a fine, fat one it was too, was brought forth. Mr. Chatter-Red almost pined himself in two with gratitude and the little Chatter-Reds danced about like Indians. They whirled up so much dust in Mrs. Squirrel's living room that every one began to sneeze. At last they went home. And Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel stood and looked at one another. But they said nothing at all.

And here it was Christmas and nothing in the cupboard!

"At least we can be thankful that we have no children," said Mr. Squirrel. "They won't have to go hungry on Christmas day."

Mrs. Squirrel had nothing but a snort in answer to this. Mr. Squirrel crossed the room and stood looking out of the window. The landscape was not very cheerful—gray sky, bare trees and

so spry. While she was tying her bonnet under her chin she told her plan to Mr. Squirrel.

"Sandy," (that was Mr. Squirrel's name) "the children living in the big house across the road always have a stocking full of good things on Christmas morning. I have seen them come out and scatter crumbs to the birds and the bits of suet on the twigs of trees. Perhaps if we went walking by they would throw us some nuts. We don't care to beg, but it is only fair that they who have so much and are so kind-hearted should spare us a little on Christmas morning."

Mr. Squirrel thought this an excellent plan, and gave his shoes such an extra polishing that they nearly put his eyes out.

It all happened just as they had hoped. When they approached the big house across the road, there were the children outdoors scattering crumbs and grain. One boy was climbing a tree with a bit of suet tied to a string in his hand. There was a good deal of shouting and laughing going on, and to tell the truth the squirrels were a little timid. But when one is hungry, it does not pay to be afraid.

As soon as the children caught sight of them they shouted louder than ever. "Oh, oh!" they cried, "see Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel! How nice they look! Let's give them some nuts!"

And if you will believe me, those generous boys and girls that lived in the house across the road poured out such bags of nuts and goodies that



Busy the Rest of the Morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were busy the rest of the morning taking them home. And they asked the Chatter-Reds to join them and fill up their larder, too!

So every one had a Merry Christmas and Mrs. Squirrel did not have to put both hands in her apron pockets for months and months!

Christmas Inconsistency

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

TWO men were finishing their Christmas shopping late one Christmas eve.

"Let's call a taxicab," said one. "We have so many bundles and it is starting to rain."

A little boy offered to get them one. He only had to go a few steps before he found one. And he held the door open wide for the two men as he had seen carriage starters and automobile starters do.

He had been looking for odd jobs that evening. His Christmas money was not very much, and he did want to get just a few Christmas presents to give away. He had already made some. If he could only get ten cents now he would have enough. That would buy his mother's present. He wanted to get her a pink carnation. He had seen such beauties, and they were ten cents apiece.

One of the men paid no attention to him. The other fumbled at his pocket. "Here, don't be silly, you'll give the child bad ideas," said his friend. "He really didn't do anything. He will think he can beg for anything. That's a bad influence you're exerting," he muttered on, as the man who had fumbled at his pocket drew forth a shiny ten-cent piece and gave it to the boy, whose pale face and dark eyes lighted up in joy.

Later they stopped in at a restaurant to have something to eat. The man who had reprieved the other for the ten-cent tip to the small boy handed the waiter a large tip in advance, which made the waiter fawning in his attentions.

"We'll get better service," he explained, "and then, too, it's Christmas time."

But the friend who had been reprieved said: "You don't think you're exerting a bad influence by any chance, do you?"

And the boy bought the carnation and went home, successful and happy, but the waiter snubbed the next customer because he failed to get an exorbitant tip.

Raisin Nut Gems.

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 3/4 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 1/2 cupful raisins, 1/4 cupful walnut meats, 1 well-beaten egg, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter or shortening.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together. Add raisins and nuts cut in pieces. Add milk and beaten egg and mix well. Stir in butter. Pour into greased gem pans and bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. This makes about 12 gems.

The Kitchen Cabinet

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

SALADS OF VARIOUS COUNTRIES

The following salads may be properly termed national as they are the favorite salads of the peoples in the several countries or localities, the name of which is given the salad:

Cuban Salad.—Break fine four dry soda crackers, shred two sweet Spanish peppers, removing the seeds and white portions. Slice one Spanish onion very thin, skin, bone and mince six anchovies and mix all together. Serve on lettuce with French dressing.

Montese Salad.—Bake four mild-flavored onions until tender, remove the peeling and put a lump of butter with salt and pepper on each. When cold cut into quarters and mix with four hard-cooked eggs cut into quarters and six sardines finely chopped after removing the skin and bones. Add parsley and mix a teaspoonful of curry in the boiled dressing or in the mayonnaise.

French Potato Salad.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into dice, add one small onion finely chopped, a few tablespoonfuls of minced chives and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Let stand for an hour or two seasoned with a French dressing, adding a generous amount of cayenne. Serve on lettuce and top each serving with a spoonful of thick mayonnaise, sprinkled with minced chives.

German Salad With Sausage.—Boil four breakfast sausages twenty minutes, then cut in half-inch pieces. Boil one-half pound of sauerkraut ten minutes, then drain and cool and mix with the sausage. Cut two winter radishes into very thin slices and arrange around the salad, sprinkling with finely-minced shallot, pickles and capers. Serve with French dressing.

Russian Tomato and Sardine Salad.—Arrange a bed of lettuce in a salad bowl. Peel four tomatoes of medium size, cut fine and mix with sardines chopped after the skin and bones have been removed. Place on lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or with French dressing.

Onion and Cucumber Relish.—Grate one ripe cucumber, add two large onions also grated, squeeze the cucumber dry and discard the juice; add one red pepper finely chopped, salt and cayenne to taste if the pepper is not hot enough. Add good elder vinegar to make a mixture like catsup. If bottled this will keep well. Nice served with fish.

If the power of evil has never been so manifest in the world before as it is today, the power of God has never been so apparent.—John Jay Chapman.

WHAT TO EAT

There is no more attractive dish, nor one more universally liked than a well-made salad. The following is good enough for any guest:

Apple and Pineapple Salad.—Drain a can of choice tender pineapple. Boil the juice with the strained juice of a lemon, sweeten to taste. Cut the pineapple into small uniform pieces, add four sweet apples diced, sprinkle with sugar to make the mixture quite sweet, or add a cupful of finely diced marshmallows, omitting the sugar, then pour the boiled, cooled juices over the fruit and set aside. Just before serving add one cupful of finely-minced almonds which have been blanched and one pint of sweet cream whipped. Serve at once.

Welsh Rabbit.—Cut one-half pound of cheese into bits, put it into a saucepan with four tablespoonfuls of butter, and place it over slow heat to melt. In another saucepan scald a pint of milk, add a beaten egg to which has been added two tablespoonfuls of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Let this mixture cook, stirring until smooth, then pour the milk into the cheese and beat vigorously with an egg beater then add cayenne pepper to taste. Serve on hot buttered toast or on large crackers which have been slightly browned in the oven.

Codfish Chowder.—Nothing better for a cold weather dish than this: Cut a half-pound of salt pork or less into dice, fry brown, add three sliced onions, cook until yellow, then add a quart of boiling water and four sliced potatoes. Cook until the vegetables are tender. Meanwhile soak a pound of codfish—less will do. Shred, add with a quart of milk to the vegetables and when boiling hot drop in half a dozen soda crackers. Season well with salt and pepper and serve piping hot. In most families there is never any leftovers from this dish.

Onions French Fried.—Peel onions, cut in one-fourth inch slices, separate into rings. Dip into milk, drain, dip into flour and fry in deep fat. Sprinkle with salt and serve as a garnish to a platter of meat.

Nellie Maxwell

FREEDOM FROM LAXATIVES

Discovery by Scientists Has Replaced Them.

Pills and salts give temporary relief from constipation only at the expense of permanent injury, says an eminent medical authority. Science has found a newer, better way—a means as simple as Nature itself.

In perfect health a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft and moving. But when constipation exists this natural lubricant is not sufficient. Medical authorities have found that the gentle lubricating action of Nujol most closely resembles that of Nature's own lubricant. As Nujol is not a laxative it cannot gripe. It is in no sense a medicine. And like pure water it is harmless and pleasant.

Nujol is prescribed by physicians; used in leading hospitals. Get a bottle from your druggist today.—Advertise-ment.

Savages Made Use of Wigs. The wig is older than civilization, for the savage wore one to make him appear more formidable on the field of battle.

It matters not how long we live, but how.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



25¢ and 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

VICTIMS RESCUED

Kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles are most dangerous because of their insidious attacks. Heed the first warning they give that they need attention by taking

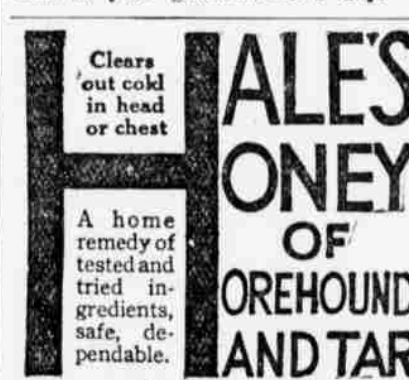


The world's standard remedy for these disorders, will often ward off these diseases and strengthen the body against further attacks. Threesizes, all druggists. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation.

Garfield Tea

Was Your Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach and intestinal ill. This good old-fashioned herb home remedy for constipation, stomach ills and other derangements of the system so prevalent these days is in even greater favor as a family medicine than in your grandmother's day.



30¢ at all druggists For aching teeth use Pike's Toothache Drops.



Daniels' Renovator Powders Give him pep and strength. A condition powder for horses going into winter work. Will make your horse feel fit and fine. At your dealer's or sent by mail. Write DR. DANIELS, 172 Milk Street, Boston for FREE BOOK on Horse, Dog, Cat or Poultry



THE INVISIBLE GIFT

THERE'S a gift on the Christmas tree that we cannot see, but we know it's there. There's something that gives value to all the rest and we feel it. With the rich there are fifty gifts to one baby; with the poor, fifty babies to one gift; with both there is this something that makes an equal happiness, something that gives riches nothing over and poverty nothing lacking, something that gives light without candles and warmth without fire. The tree itself springs from it, the Christmas festival sings of it. We are all excited by it and about it. It fills the shops with beautiful things, gathers crowds to buy them, hangs garlands in the windows, carols on the air. It makes the church bells ring and kindles devoutest worship. It is love that hangs upon the Christmas tree. Without the Cross the Christmas tree had never been.

—C. G. Hazard.

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Unknowing Christmas Cheer

By Mary Graham Bonner

(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

SHE was neither young nor old. But life had been pretty rough with her, taking many whom she so dearly loved, leaving more and more gaps which could not be filled.

Yet it was Christmas time and she must think of the Christmas presents she should give and the Christmas letters she must write. How could she put cheer into her letters when she did not feel it herself? Sternly she reproved herself for this. She must feel Christmassy. She simply must.

So, quite by herself, she went to a big toy shop. There she mingled with the crowds, heard the children's cries and shrieks of delight and surprise, saw their eager excitement. Her children were grown up, they had gone away, some would never come back. But it all brought the wonderful Christmas memories back to her. She felt again the glow and warmth of Christmas cheer. Tears came to her eyes, but there was happiness in their hot blur. It wasn't the same as one's own, to go and see happiness as though it were a play, but Christmas happiness was different. It touched those who even stood on the outskirts. Yes, all unknowing these many stranger children had given her the echo of their laughter and of their delight, and it was singing a little Christmas melody in her heart.

The Wishing Buttons

By CHRISTOPHER G. HAZARD

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TO US children there was a mysterious charm about old Mr. Uplook. He used to spend a good deal of his time in the back part of his shop, turning bits of mahogany into little boats and telling us stories while he chipped and polished. He had a small person in his throat whom he called Pedro, and he would make him grunt out answers to our questions in a wonderful manner. His vest buttons were connected with several insects, and when we touched them there would come out now a bee, then a mosquito, and once in a while a bug that would snap off our noses. The buzzing of the bee, the piping of the mosquito, and the dangerous assault of the snap bug gave us many a thrill and him much enjoyment.

One Christmas time, being rather short of rich relatives and very long on hope, we conceived the idea of drawing upon the fairy resources of our good friend, by suggesting a button that would connect with the good genius of the holidays and bless our wishes. So we asked Mr. Uplook if he thought the first two buttons on his coat could by any possibility have anything to do with the Christmas case. He said that he would have to go into his back room and see about it first, but when he came out we knew by his looks that it would be all right.

We wanted to press the buttons several times, but Mr. Uplook thought that once would be enough, and said that in each case we might whisper two desires, whispering loud enough for him to hear, so that he might be sure we were getting the thing straight. So we pressed and whispered in that perfect faith that Mr. Uplook always inspired in us.

We were not surprised on Christmas morning when things happened just as we had expected, and kind Mr. Uplook seemed just like a real Santa Claus as he stood by the roadside with his camera, taking a picture of one boy with red-topped, copper-toed boots, riding on a new sled; and of another who was trying a pair of shining skates on the wayside pond and trying to keep a fur cap in its place. And we boys were painting upon our hearts a picture of this good friend that has lasted until now.

How Did Auntie Know?

It was their second Christmas and the young wife was proudly displaying the big Christmas remembrance, an electric washer, from "friend husband" to the relatives gathered, when one auntie remarked: "Isn't that just typical of married life—the first Christmas a talking machine and the second Christmas a washing machine!"



"I'm So Hungry."

a cold wind that made one shiver just to hear it. A Merry Christmas indeed!

Mrs. Squirrel still had her paws in her apron pockets. She seemed to be thinking very hard. The harder she thought the more she cocked her head on one side. She actually seemed in danger of bending it so far it would break off. Then the idea came. Back snapped her head! Out came her hands from her apron pockets! Over to Mr. Squirrel she marched and nudged him with her elbow.

"My dear," she said, "I have thought of something!"

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Squirrel whirling about.

"Put on your best coat, polish up your shoes, take your silver-headed cane and we'll go for a walk on Christmas morning!"

"But Sabrina," (that was Mrs. Squirrel's name) he protested, "I really can't see what taking a walk has to do with getting anything to eat."

"You begin to get on your coat and shoes, and I'll tell you," answered Mrs. Squirrel.

She whisked about like a girl. You would not have believed she could be